

# Wellington's Address;

To which are added,

The banks of Clyde.

The wells o' Weary.

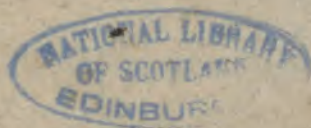
Haud awa frae me Donald.



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WELLINGTON'S ADDRESS.

BRITONS bauld though Britons few,  
On the plains o' Waterloo;  
Britons, heroes, always true

To rights and liberty.

Fire your blood, my vet'ran boys;

Usurpation's yoke despise;

Slavery fa's and slavery dies

Before brave British play.

See the haughty tyrant comes;

See his daring warlike sum's;

Hear the rattling o' his drums,

To tie sweet Freedom's away.

We'll divert him wi' the charms

O' our swords, and o' our arms;

In his ear we'll strike our thairms,

That Britons shall be free.

Tho' his guns like thunders roar;

Fight like lions as before;

Conquer o'er, or kiss the gore,

That welcomes bravery.

See, the lightning's flashing by,  
 Dark'ning black the louring sky—  
 Traitor turn, and coward fly,  
 March, heroes, on wi' me.

Europe's pest, Europe's foe,  
 See his lang decisive blow,  
 See his deadly overthrow,  
 Frae thrones and monarchy.

Sodgers—heroes o' renown,  
 Laurels fresh await our crown,  
 Liberty is Britain's own,  
 Then forward, win her plea.

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### THE BANKS O' CLYDE.

Awa, awa, my Jamie's gane,  
 Out owre the seas, far far frae hame,  
 He's gane, and cross'd the ocean wide,  
 And left the bonny banks o' Clyde.

Awa he's gane to fight his foe,  
 And left me here in grief and woe;  
 My love, who left me by his side,  
 Along the bonny banks o' Clyde.

On Govan banks, whar Clyde doth flow,  
There ilka laddie arms his joe ;  
While lanely I maun mourn and chide,  
Upon the bonny banks o' Clyde.

O, in the rosy month o' May,  
The lav'rock rais'd its cheerfu' lay,  
The mavis sang, the blackbird vied,  
Around the bonny banks o' Clyde.

The gowana spread, ilk flower sprang,  
My love as sweet's the day was lang,  
My heart he gain'd to be his bride,  
When walking on the banks o' Clyde.

O woe be to those wars in Spain,  
They've ta'en frae me my darling swain,  
And cross'd him owre the ocean wide,  
Far frae the bonny banks o' Clyde.

O! if the high and heav'nly Pow'r,  
Would shield my lve in danger's hour,  
And owre the seas him safely guide,  
Back to the bonny banks o' Clyde.

Our parting day would ne'er be seen,  
Un'il that death struck in between,

Then a' our joys we'll lay aside,  
And leave the bonny banks o' Clyde:

### THE WELLS O' WEARY.

Will ye gang through the King's Park,  
My darling young deary O,  
And spend the lee-lang simmer's day,  
Around the Wells o' Weary O,  
There harmless stray sweet tender lambs,  
The emblems o' my deary O,  
There, massy, twisted, clifted rocks,  
Adorn the Wells o' Weary O,  
O softly blows the gentle breeze,  
The lav' rocks sing su' cheery O,  
A, Nature spreads unmingled joys,  
Around the Wells o' Weary O,  
See lofty Arthur's flow'ry gems,  
Wi' lustre shining clearly O,  
And crystal fountains deck the scenes,  
Around the Wells o' Weary O,  
There lovers rove, wi' hand in hand,  
Then gie me thine, my deary O,

And blythe we'll spend the gowden day,  
 Around the Wells o' Weary O.  
 Then hame again we'll fondly steer,  
 To spend the night sae dreary O,  
 In pleasant dreams, admiring scenes,  
 Around the Wells o' Weary O.

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HAD AWA FRAE ME DONALD.

O will you hae ta tartan plaid,  
 Or will you hae ta ring, mattam?  
 Or will you hae ta kiss o' me?  
 And dats ta pretty ting mattam.  
 Had awa, bide awa,  
 Had awa frae me, Donald;  
 I'll neither kiss nor hae a ring,  
 Nae tartan plaids for me, Donald.

O see you not her poany progues,  
 Her feckets, plaid, plew, creen, mattam!  
 Her twa short hose, and her twa spiogs,  
 And a shouther-belt spoon, mattam?  
 Had awa bide awa,  
 Had awa frae me Donald;  
 Nae shouther-belts, trinkabouts,  
 Nae tartan hose for me Donald.

Her can peshaw a petter-hough,

Tan him who wears a crown, mattam;

Hersell a pistol and claymore

Ta fie a lallant lown, mattam.

Had awa bide awa,

Had awa frae me, Donald;

For a' your houghs and warlike arms,

You're no a match for me Donald.

Hursell has a short coat pi pote,

No trail my feets at rin mattam,

A cutty sark of good hare sheet,

My mither he be spin mattam,

Had awa bide awa

Had awa frae me Donald;

Gae hame and hap your naked houghs,

And fash nae mair wi' me, Donald.

Ye neir pe pidden work a turn,

at ooy kind o' spin mattam,

But shug your lenno in a scull,

And tidle highland sing mattam.

Had awa bide awa,

Had awa, frae-me Donald:

Your jogging sculls and Eighland sang,

Will sound but harsh wi' me Donald.

In the morning when him rise,  
 Ye's get fresh whey for tea, mattam,  
 Sweet milk and cream as much you please,  
 Far cheaper than pohsa mattam.  
 Had awa, bid awa  
 Had awa frae me, Donald;  
 I winna' quit my morning tea,  
 Your whey will ne'er agree, Donald.  
 Fait ye's pe ket a silder protch,  
 Pe pigger as the moon; mattam:  
 Ye's ride in curroch stea o' coach,  
 An' wow but ye'll pe fine mattam,  
 Had awa, bid awa,  
 Had awa frae me, Donald;  
 For a' your highland arities,  
 You're not a match for me Donald.  
 What's t'is te way tat ye'll pe kind,  
 To a pretty man like me, mattam,  
 Sae lang's claymore pe pe my side,  
 I'il nefer marry tee mattam.  
 O come awa, in awa,  
 O come awa wi' me Donald;  
 I wadna' quit my highland man  
 Frae Lallands set me free, Donald.

FINIS.